

PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

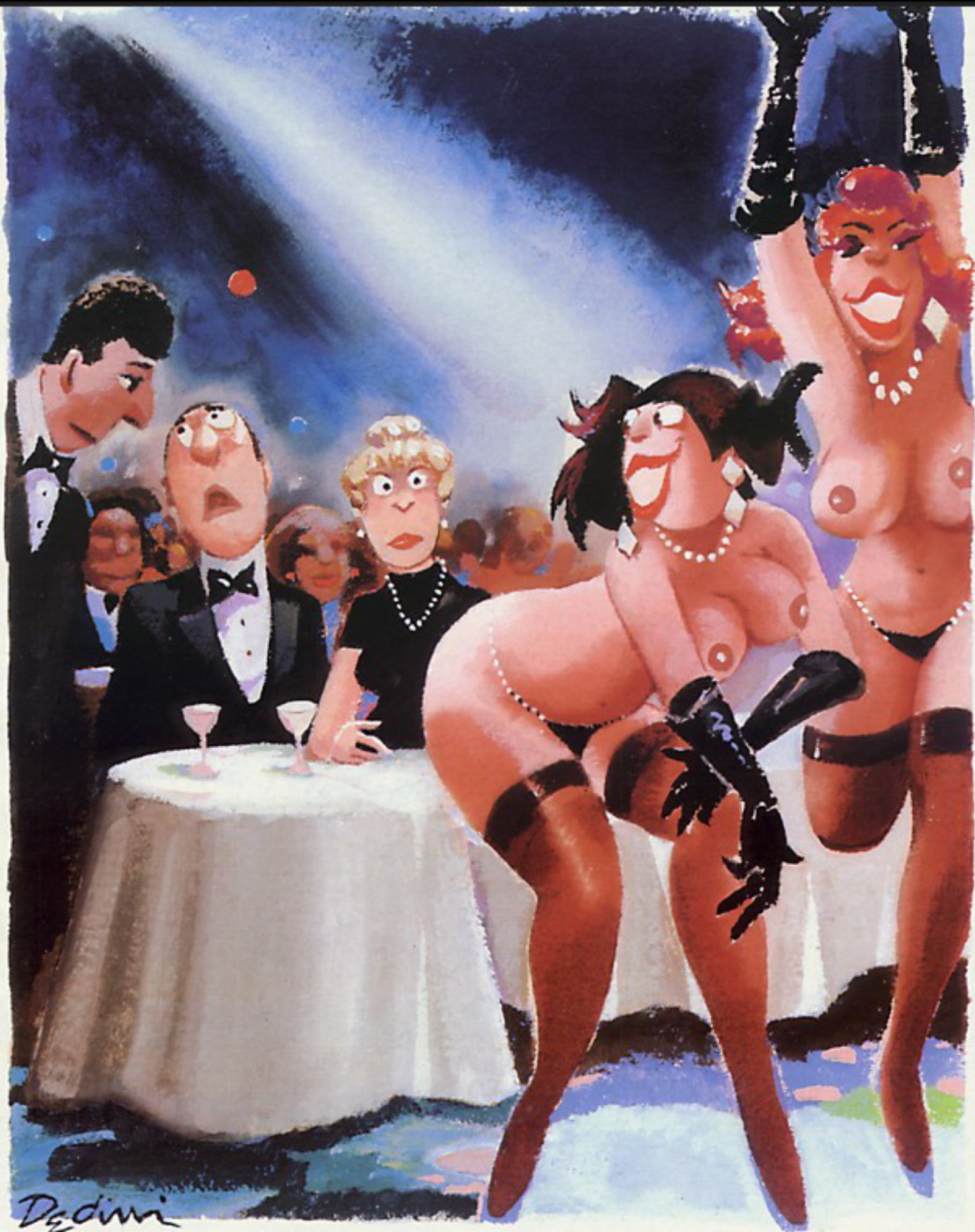
JULY 1994 • \$4.95

**RONALD
REAGAN'S
RENEGADE
DAUGHTER
PATTI
DAVIS**

**MICHAEL
MORIARTY
TAKES ON
JANET RENO**

**A MAN'S
GUIDE TO THE
WOMEN WHO
RUN WITH WOLVES**

**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
THE SUPERMAN
OF SOFTWARE
BILL GATES**



"My wife feels I'm being sexually harassed."



PLAYMATE REVISITED

Shannon Long



our down-under wonder is back for another round

IF YOU WANT to score points with this Australian, don't greet her with the traditional g'day. October 1988 Playmate Shannon Long would rather say "*O-hayo gozaimasu*"—that's Japanese for good morning. Not that Shannon thinks she's turning Japanese. The alluring Aussie wants to learn the language of her region's largest economic power, so she attends night school after her day job as a computer specialist. Smart sheila. Since her appearance here, back when America was infected with *Crocodile Dundee* fever,

the now 25-year-old Queensland native went on her own brand of walkabout and made some changes. She took a break from modeling and moved to South Australia before returning north to the Gold Coast. "I don't really sun-bake anymore," she says. She has also forsaken her former love of fast driving: "I started cycling down south. Now when I get in a car I think, What are all these people rushing about for? They're suicidal maniacs."

Australians, who are typically portrayed as conservative,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

Shannon stays in top form by swimming regularly off Australia's Gold Coast. "I've just started going to the gym, but you can't see the results yet," she says modestly. For this photo shoot, Shannon went to Fraser Island, known for its dingoes, and to Mudgeeraba, an overgrown paradise loaded with wild kangaroos. "I was able to get close to a mother kangaroo and she let me touch her," she says. "I was blown away."



HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS COURTESY OF:
 PARK GRAND HOTEL, SYDNEY
 SHERATON MIRAGE, SURFERS PARADISE, GOLD COAST
 KINGFISHER BAY RESORT, FRASER ISLAND, QUEENSLAND





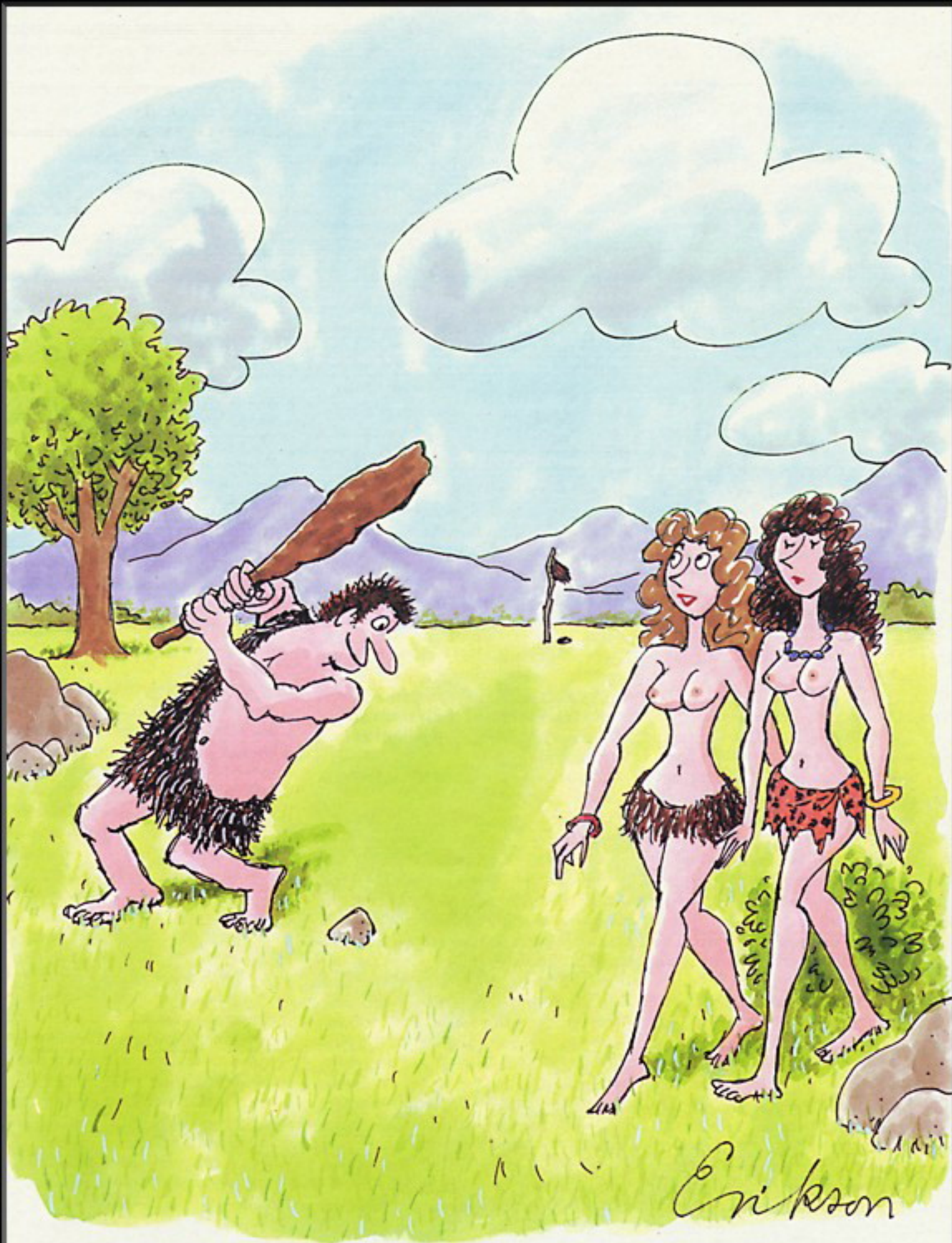
So, Long, it's been good to know you: Looking back on her modeling career, Shannon realizes that when she was younger she underappreciated the thrill of posing. "Years ago, I was sort of blasé about it," she reflects. "But now I think it's a big deal." After she appears on PLAYBOY's pages and tours the U.S., it's back to Australia for Shannon, where she'll hit the music clubs along the Gold Coast and drink a pint or two of Foster's.



have supported one of their continent's curviest exports. "All the girls at work tell me they're going to take this issue home to their boyfriends," she says. Recently, she was tapped to promote Foster's Lager during a tour of the United States. Shannon's poster will certainly steal some of the froth from the St. Pauli Girl. Although she's looking forward to her visit here, she's a little concerned about the temperature. The last time she was in Chicago and Los Angeles, she was cold—and it was July. "I'm a bit of a sop about the weather," says Shannon, laughing. "I'm just now thawing out from South Australia."

—CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO





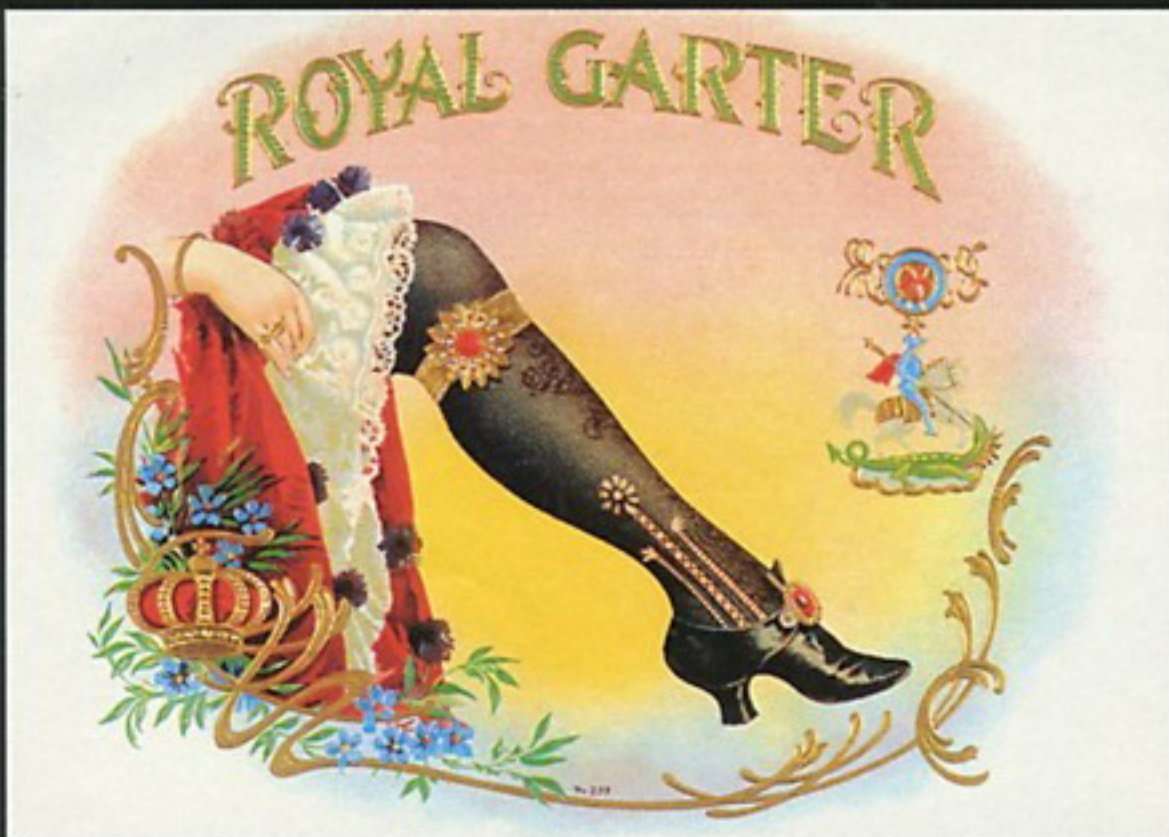
"Last month he invented the wheel. This month—who knows?"

SEX AND THE CIGAR BOX

the label was once as hot as the product



erotica by **RICHARD CARLETON HACKER** WHILE MANY vintage cigar-box labels immortalized masculine themes such as dogs, guns, sports and celebrities, it was the voluptuous image of the late-19th-century female that invariably caught the eye of the smoker. Nothing subliminal about it, either. In those pre-humidified days, cigar boxes were displayed on countertops with their lids open. They were mini-billboards, ready to snag the consumer. Eager for a hand-rolled smoke, which would you gravitate toward—a cigar box showing Johnny Appleseed or one displaying the bare-breasted woman of your dreams? Although cigar-box labels have been around since 1837, the early ones were expensive to produce and crude in appearance. Consequently, all of this sensual cigar-box art might not



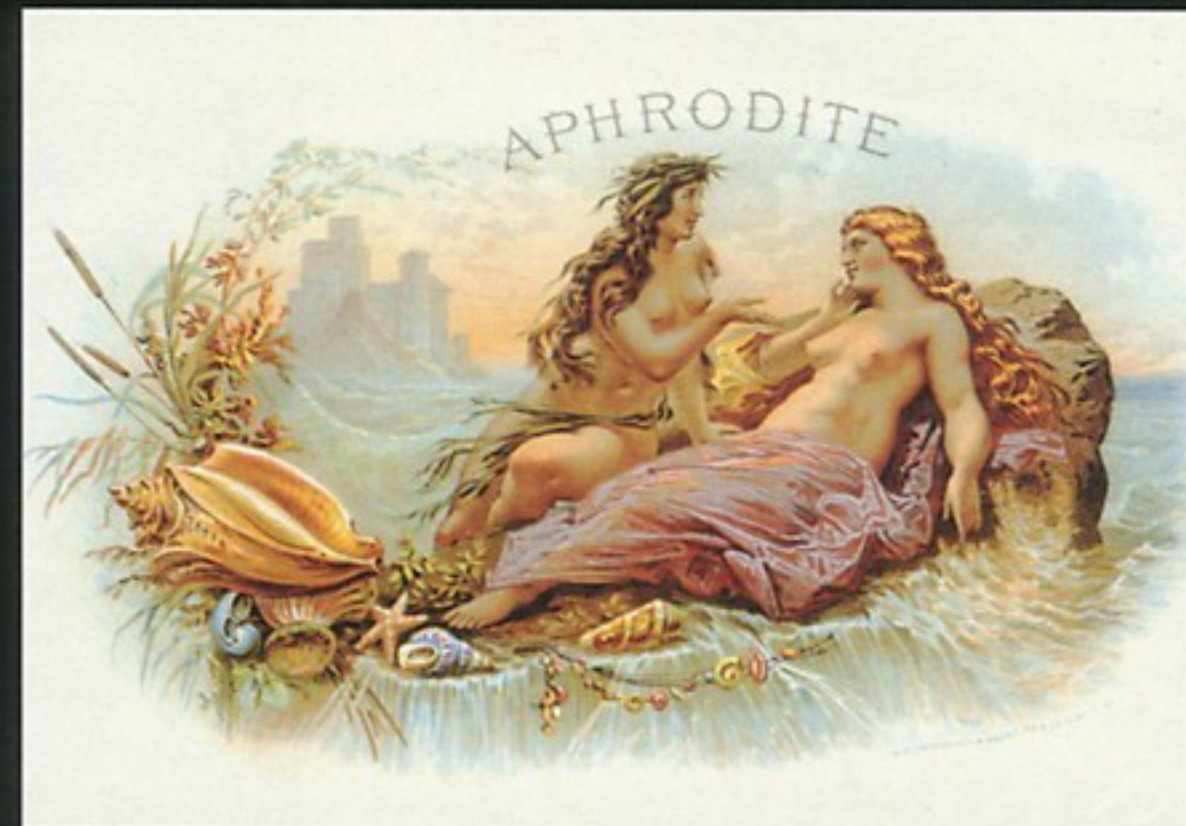
Above: Getting a leg up took on a whole new meaning with this turn-of-the-century salesman's sample, which exposed the latest fashion trend for women. Below: This rollicking bare-breasted scene of Diana's chase dates from the Twenties.

have existed were it not for government intervention. In an attempt to acquire every possible tax dollar to help the Civil War effort, the Revenue Act of 1863 mandated that all cigars—even those that had been previously bundled—be packed in boxes so they would be easier to affix with a tax stamp. It didn't take long for some enterprising individuals to figure out that the box lid was a natural advertising space. Cigar-box art was given another boost a few years later by the introduction of chromolithography, a process that permitted as many as 30 different colors to be imprinted on a single sheet of paper. Some of the world's finest artists were lured to the medium, and naturally, female figure studies soon followed.

The lure of early cigar-box labels was almost forgotten and

might have been lost in obscurity were it not for several caches of them being discovered in the early Sixties. Soon they were being sought for their decorative appeal and wonderful erotic playfulness.

Today, sexy cigar-box labels are collectibles, with values often outpacing labels with less stimulating subject matter. A few decades ago, you could have picked up mint-condition examples for as little as \$3 each. Now these same handsome labels fetch hundreds of dollars. The examples shown here are all from the collection of David Freiberg, a cigar-box-label dealer whose company, Cerebro, is located in East Prospect, Pennsylvania. Prices for the six labels pictured on these three pages range from \$75 to \$300, more than a box of fine hand-rolled smokes. Come on baby, light our fire.



The Victorian ladies depicted on these cigar-box labels from the 1880s convey a simple message: Whether reclining on a rock, making the most of a shipwreck or lounging on a sultan's divan, it's always the right time for a good cigar.





"Talk politically incorrect to me."

DELTA QUEEN



amateur edison traci adell unveils her greatest invention: herself

JULY PLAYMATE Traci Adell will always carry a bit of Memphis in her heart, and most days she's downright homesick. But then, some ambitions are just too big for one place to hold. The day she grabbed her hard-earned political science degree from Memphis State, this wide-eyed adventurer headed west to establish herself as a businesswoman, inventor, model and actress.

"I have a life outside of trying to be a glamour girl," says Traci, at ease in the back of a Hollywood pub. "The business I'm starting now is called I.C. Art. For a long time I've had products I want to get off the ground. I have a book of about 100 ideas."

Will she let us in on some of her trade secrets? Traci grins and says, "Let's just say I'm trying to patent three things right now. In the two years since I graduated from college and moved from Memphis, I've

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG





become surrounded by creative people who inspire me and who don't criticize my ideas. That's important to me."

Traci looks back now and laughs at the long trip from being a tall high school girl afraid of her own body to being PLAYBOY's newest darling.

"I was extremely shy all through college. I never dated. I dressed very conservatively, in big sweaters. A lot of people are freaked out that I'm coming out of my shell."

Her shyness came from strict Memphis mores and her struggle for acceptance as the "baby girl" in her family. But that family is also where her support comes from. "The bottom line is that every single person in my family is wonderful," Traci says. "Four of us have college degrees. I think that's really cool. And my younger brother is going to school right now to become a doctor.

"Growing up was rough," she says. "My dad split when I was ten. My mom had five kids to support, all between the ages of eight and 15. She had to make ends meet on less than \$14,000

"Pop music has always been in my blood," says Traci, shown here on the streets of Memphis with some of Beale Street's finest—and a guy who thinks he's Elvis. "I listen to Top 40. I like country music, too, if I'm with a bunch of friends and we're just goofing off in a country bar. But I've never liked heavy metal."







In high school Traci was too shy to talk about sex. "People couldn't even approach me with the subject, because I would say, 'Oh, God, that's gross.' I don't feel that way anymore, and I realize what a beautiful thing a woman's body is. Having pictures that show off my own body is very sexy to me. They're about sensuality and the beauty of being a woman."



a year. She is a wonderfully strong person. At the same time, though, we kids were pretty much on our own."

Upon arrival in Los Angeles, Traci received the kind of welcome that people make movies about—horror movies. "I got bit by every shark there was," she says. "I was a sweet little girl from Memphis. You can be that in Memphis, because people aren't trying to pull you into their mean little circle."

She fought back and soon landed a number of modeling jobs, small movie roles and guest appearances on sitcoms, including *Baywatch*, *Blossom* and *Married With Children*. She also auditioned for Playboy's 40th Anniversary Playmate search.

"Over the course of six months, before I was even a Playmate, I made a lot of friends through Playboy. They've become a source of strength for me, people I can



lean on."

For now, Traci's going full-bore into modeling and acting, using her nights to study. "I want to learn about everything," she says. "Right now there are ten different subjects on my bookshelf. I have a book on inventors of the 20th century. And I love the classics. I'm reading *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* by Thomas Hardy. Plus, I read about a dozen magazines a week. You have to if you're hungry for knowledge the way that I am."

But like many provincial prodigies, Traci looks forward to the day when she can go back home. "I definitely love just being in Memphis. I want a nice little house that is full of trust, honesty, warmth and passion. I want to be a mom and a wife and start teaching or writing. Writing has been an outlet for me to express my passion and curiosity. I'd like to write self-help books. That would be my way of helping others, sort of like soul work. And I'll probably go back to school and get my master's. But it's not as though I want to be secluded. I'll still have my big-city contacts, and I will always have big dreams." —CLINT GILA

"I think I can be just about anything I want," Traci says with a slight Memphis drawl. "The only drawback in my life was being an insecure, naive kid. But now the world's right there, ready for me to take it."



MISS JULY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Traci Adell

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Traci Adell

BUST: 36D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5' 11" WEIGHT: 130

BIRTH DATE: 2-17-69 BIRTHPLACE: New Orleans

AMBITIONS: Have a child, write a book, build my own house.

TURN-ONS: Anyone or anything that educates or inspires me.

TURNOFFS: When people misjudge my character or give me a false impression of theirs.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME: I love living in L.A., pursuing my dreams, but I get so homesick for Memphis, my family, Southern hospitality and warm nights on Beale Street.

BEYOND MODELING: I've started my own business, I.C.A.R.T (That's my name backwards). I have invented and am developing toys and household products. (I ^{wish} ne luck!)

IT'S SO UNSETTLING: To hear of people who still practice unsafe sex. PLEASE be careful!

MOTTO: The only things you regret in life are the risks you never took.



4th grade —
mom's Baby girl



senior H.S. —
Winterfest Queen



college —
Memphis Model

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After a day of grueling maneuvers under the blazing Texas sun, the platoon stood in formation in front of the barracks. "All right, ladies, think about this," bellowed the drill instructor. "If you could have ten minutes alone, right now, with anyone in the world, who would it be?"

Amid much mumbling, one voice was heard from the back row. "My recruiter."



Searching for a gift idea for her husband, the woman asked the golf pro for help. "We just had a terrible fight and I need something to make up with," she explained.

Wandering through the golf shop, the pro suddenly had an idea. "How about a gold-plated putter for \$150?"

"That's pretty steep," she moaned. "But it was such a horrible fight, I guess it's worth it."

"Would you like an inscription?" he asked.

"What would I say on it?"

"Oh, something like, NEVER UP, NEVER IN."

"No way," she said. "That's what the fight was all about."

A crass, violent-tempered businessman died. More as a courtesy to his widow than through any affection for him, many people attended the funeral. Just as the minister concluded the services, a storm broke with a blinding lightning flash and terrific clap of thunder, startling the assembled mourners.

"Well," one muttered, "he got there."

Two spinsters pooled their savings to buy a chicken farm. Several months later, a neighbor dropped by to see how they were doing.

"Not very well, I'm afraid," one said. "The eggs don't hatch."

"It's no wonder, ma'am," the farmer said, chortling. "You have to have a rooster."

The next day, the farmer brought them a big, husky rooster and set it down beside a group of hens. The bird promptly took after one of the hens, which ran into the road and was run over by a truck.

"Poor thing," one of the women clucked. "She preferred death."

A street person approached a passerby. "Sir, would you give me \$100 for a cup of coffee?"

"That's ridiculous!" the man said huffily.

"Just a yes or no, fellow," the beggar growled. "I don't need a damn lecture about how to run my business."

With so much turmoil in the world, God decided to pay a visit to earth to check things out. He strolled into a bar and approached the first man he saw. "If you believe in me enough to give me \$50," he said, "I will grant you eternal life."

"Sorry, I'm an atheist," the fellow replied, "and have never believed in God."

God walked up to another man and made the same offer. "Well, I'm an agnostic and not really sure if I believe in you or not," the guy said, "but here's 50 bucks, just in case."

As the Lord turned away, a third man ran up to him. "I'm Pat Robertson and I don't really care whether you're God or not," he said excitedly. "Just teach me the trick you did with the agnostic and I'll give you \$100."

Why wasn't John Wayne Bobbitt sent to Somalia? He has a history of getting separated from his unit.

The biggest attraction at the county fair was Dr. Miracle's tent. In it a young-looking man who claimed to be 200 years old was selling an elixir guaranteed to keep people eternally youthful.

"I can't believe it," an observer grumped to Dr. Miracle's assistant, a beautiful young woman. "Tell me, miss, is that guy really as old as he says?"

"To tell you the truth, sir, I have my doubts," she whispered. "But then, I've only known him since 1867."



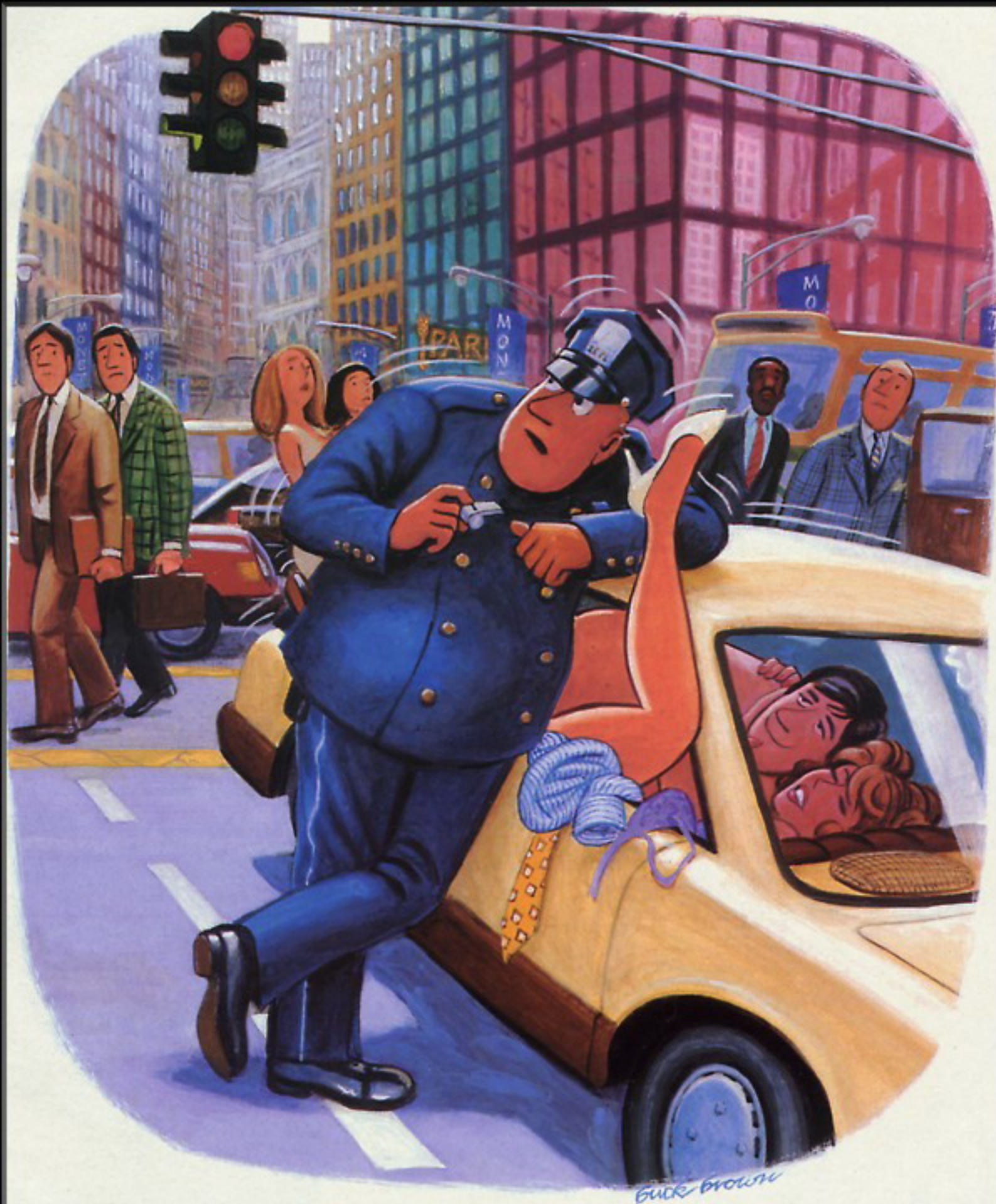
When his eyes began to give him trouble, a man went to a Prague ophthalmologist. The doctor showed the patient the eye chart, displaying the letters CVKPNWXSCZ.

"Can you read that?" the doctor asked.

"Can I read it?" the Czech replied. "I date his sister!"

Sign spotted over a bed in a Nevada brothel: I AM A PROFESSIONAL. DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Now that you mention it, this is a very long light!"



"You put family in with the aluminum cans again, Mrs. Price."



"Hey, you! This is a beer commercial! Stop looking so introspective!"

The First Daughter

a provocative look at ron and nancy's wildest child

text by MICHAEL ANGELI



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



A portfolio of Reagan family values: (clockwise from top left) Ronald and Nancy, the early days, with their daughter, Patti, who was born seven months after their marriage; Ronald Reagan as governor of California, dreaming of a White House Christmas with wife, Nancy, daughter Patti, and son Ron; the first family's 1983 holiday photograph, with (left to right) Patti, her soon-to-be fiancé Paul Grilley, Nancy, Ronald, Ron's wife, Doria, and Ron.

THE PHYSICAL resemblance to her mom and dad is strong. She has the Great Communicator's good hair and Lincolnesque stature along with his happy Buddha peepers, eyes you might encounter in the late stages of a picnic, when the sun sinks and the beer's flat, but, ah, the memories. From her mother, Patti inherited the flowerpot shape of her jaw and her white teeth. She also has Nancy's edgy smile, which her mother—a.k.a. the Dragon Lady—uses to ward off the less cunning.

While the Reagans presided over their conservative Camelot, daughter Patti—born seven months after her folks married—became a personal veto of her parents' button-down credo. Throughout the Reagan years, she openly criticized her father's foreign and domestic policies, remained active in the antinuclear movement, spoke at peace rallies and refused to live in the White House. And she married, then divorced, her yoga instructor.

At one point during Reagan's campaign for reelection in 1984, he was so exasperated with Patti's liberal stands on marijuana use and premarital cohabitation that he remarked, "I'm just sorry that spanking is out of fashion now."

Although Patti adamantly opposed her father's politics, she refused to vote in either of her father's elections. "I didn't have the balls to go against my father. Looking back on it, I should have done it differently. But back then I just chickened out." (text continued on page 157)



O penness about sexuality was not part of Patti's upbringing: "We didn't walk around the house nude. My mother was less shy than my father, who was really shy. In fact, my parents were horrified by the free-love generation of the Sixties and early Seventies. My braless stage did not go over well."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARMY FREYTAG







*P*art of Patti's motivation to do this pictorial was provided by "the nasty little press reports that call me middle-aged. They're latching on to this middle-aged thing. I thought, You know what? Fuck you. This is what middle-aged looks like." (You've seen the photographs—now turn to page 134 to sample Davis' uproarious, incendiary literary style.)







GRAPEVINE

A Kiss Is Still a Kiss

On the hooves of the opening of *City Slickers II*, BILLY CRYSTAL horsed around with a New York City version of the real thing. Although Billy took a pass on the Oscars this year, last year his hosting performance won an American Comedy Award for funniest guy on a TV special. No neighs from us.



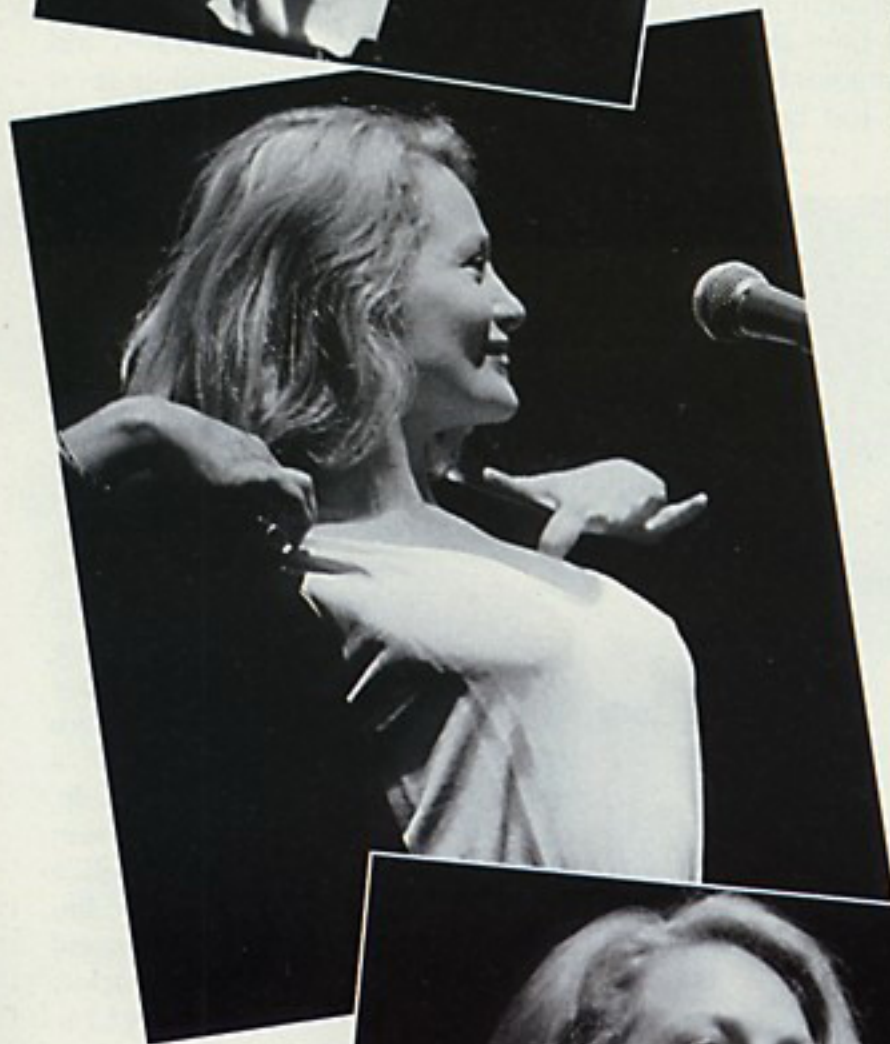
Singin' in the Grain

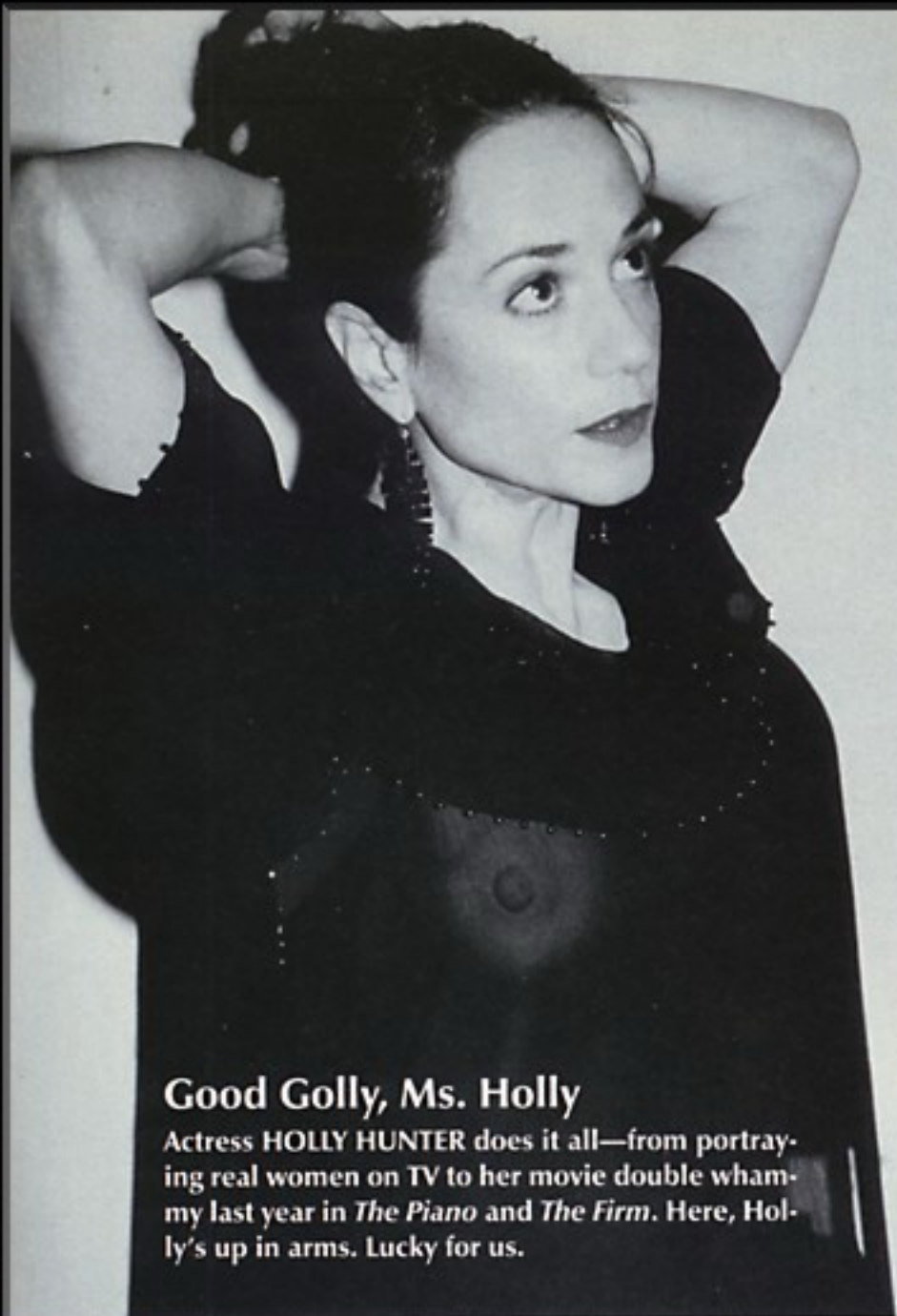
What's the sound of one hand strumming? SHAWN CAMP knows. His self-titled debut album hit the country charts and a new one's in the works.



Beverly's Breast Fest

BEVERLY D'ANGELO burst into song and out of her bra at Dweezil and Ahmet Zappa's concert at the Hollywood Palace. For more Beverly, catch her in *Lightning Jack* with Paul Hogan and on TV's *Deadly Games*, in which she plays Kitty Menendez.





Good Golly, Ms. Holly

Actress HOLLY HUNTER does it all—from portraying real women on TV to her movie double whammy last year in *The Piano* and *The Firm*. Here, Holly's up in arms. Lucky for us.

© KELLY JOHNSON/CELEBRITY PHOTO

Who Could Ask for Anything More?

Former child actor and Mouseketeer JOHNNY CRAWFORD croons chestnuts from the Thirties backed by the 1928 Society Dance Orchestra, Thursdays at L.A.'s Atlas Bar & Grill. Get out the glad rags, baby, because he's the top.



JOEY BRADY



ANTHONY SAVANNAH/GETTY IMAGES

A Few Good Men

DR. RUTH called out the Marines at a Toys for Tots benefit last winter and they came. Semper fi.

By Dawn's Early Light

Captain of the Texas Bikini Team, DAWN WAGGONER leads the 24-member squad to promotional events, trade shows, TV appearances and auto shows. Team members also pose for posters, calendars and magazine stories. Could a movie be next? Yee haw!

© ANDY PEARLMAN



NEXT MONTH



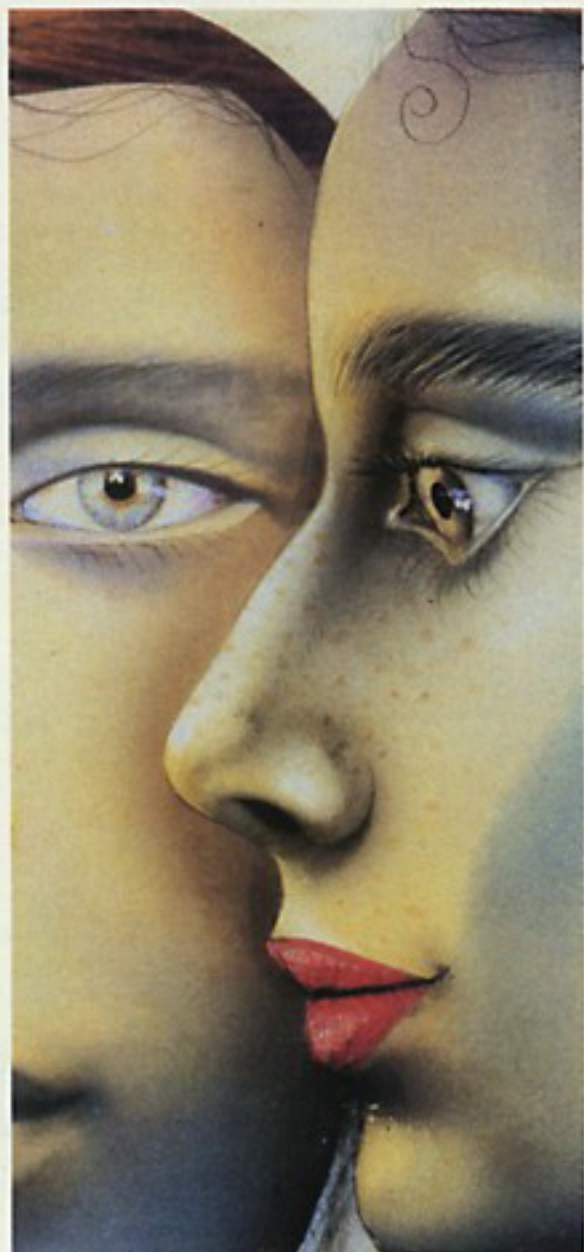
MILANESE MODELS



I SPY



DR. DEATH



SEXUAL TEMPEST

THE JOE SHOW—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A VOYEUR FROM CYBERSPACE WANTS A PRIVATE SHOWING OF YOUR VICTORIA'S SECRET COLLECTION? IS HE ALONE? ARE YOU?—FICTION BY **TERRY BISSON**

HOW SPIES DIE—**ALDRICH AMES** IS CHARGED WITH SELLING POTENTIALLY LETHAL SECRETS TO MOSCOW FOR NEARLY A DECADE. BUT WAS HE THE ONLY MOLE INSIDE THE CIA?—BY **JEFF STEIN**

TEEN SEX—IT'S STILL THE SINGULAR OBSESSION OF AMERICAN YOUTH, BUT AIDS AND OTHER DANGERS HAVE TURNED THE ROAD TO SEXUAL AWARENESS INTO AN OBSTACLE COURSE—BY **BETSY ISRAEL**

A HOLY WAR IN BROOKLYN—THE ANCIENT HATREDS AND BLOOD FEUDS OF THE MIDDLE EAST ARE SPILLING OVER INTO THE LATEST OCCUPIED TERRITORY: NEW YORK CITY. A HARROWING FRONTLINE REPORT BY **CHARLES M. SENNOTT**

THE NUTTIER SIDE OF DR. DEATH—AS THE CRUSADER WHO MADE DEATH A POPULAR MOVEMENT, **DR. JACK KEVORKIAN** IS OBSESSED WITH LIFE'S CURTAIN CALL. A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **MARK JANNOT**

DANA DELANY TALKS ABOUT UNDERWEAR, DIARIES AND WHY SHE ENJOYS BEING A DOMINATRIX IN A STINGING 20 QUESTIONS BY **DAVID RENSIN**

DEION SANDERS—SPORTS' CROSSOVER KING ISN'T THE EASIEST MAN TO PIN DOWN. IN A PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE, HE FINALLY REVEALS HIS PREFERENCE—BASEBALL OR FOOTBALL—GOES TO BAT FOR MICHAEL JORDAN AND SCORES BIG POINTS FOR CLEAN LIVING. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **KEVIN COOK**

LADY IN BLUE—BETTER BEHAVE, GUYS. ONE OF OUR BIG CITY'S FINEST COULD BUST YOU FOR OVERZEALOUS LOOKING. AN ARRESTING PICTORIAL

A MAN'S GUIDE TO TV TALK SHOWS—WHAT'S YOUR GIRLFRIEND DOING WHEN YOU'RE NOT AROUND? WATCHING OPRAH, PHIL, JENNY AND SALLY JESSY—AND GETTING SOME PRETTY WEIRD IDEAS ABOUT YOU. **JULIE RIGBY** DECONSTRUCTS DAYTIME GAB

PLUS: DESIGNER **LAURA WHITCOMB** SIZES UP THE BUNNY AS AN EMBLEM OF POSTFEMINIST FASHION, **JON KRAKAUER** ON STRETCHING, SILVER SCREEN SEDUCTRESS **JEAN HARLOW**, AND THE MODELS OF MILAN. *BELLISSIMA!*